## CONSTANCY.

SCHNE - A Mountain-camp in the Sierra Nevada. Well, by Jove! Here's a handkerchief now,
Which, in washing my clothes, I find lying near!
Decidedly feminine, too! Well, how
Could that thing ever have crept in here?
Is—a—bel, what is the other name?
By gracious, it must be Isabel King;
And I'd forgotten her! What a shame!
She was really a lovely little thing.

- Now I remember—how could I forget! The night when that handkerchief I took;
- The hight when that handkerchief I took; I wonder if she is married yet,
  And if she still keeps that girlish look?
  We sat on the beach—I believe it was Bye—
  E'en now I hear how the wild surf sings—
  And we were alone—there was nobody by,
  And I said a great many preposterous things.
- And I pressed the handkerchief to my heart, And a wore to keep it for ever and ever;
  And—it not being lace—she let it depart,
  And I swore that it should go from me never.
  And I we kept my promise for all these years;
  Isabel, I am more faithful than you;
  For, that you are married, I have my fears—
  But, when was a woman known to be true!
- For you have forgotten me quite, and I Am wringing the suds from your handkerchief, Which seems as though it woul i never get dry;
- And it is now my assured belief
  That I shall get married, when this trip's through
  I shall make the best husband in the world,
  Pecau e I am ever constant and true—
  Witness this rag on the clothes-line curled.
- By Jove | what's that? Why, Jim. old boy. Wounded, and by a grizzly, you say;
  And you killed him! Good!—that is cause for joy—
  Put him down here, fellows, this side of the way.
  Not fatal, but still, I think, you will find
  That it's far from fun to be clawed by a bear.
  Here, bring us some stuff his wounds to bind;
  Stay! Take that old handkerchief over there!

  [Faederic W. Loring.

## CICELY'S CHRISTMAS

[From Appleton's Journal.] The queen-city, radiant with life, noisy with mirth and light, gay with decorations, and fragrant with spicy odors, sat enthroned on Man-hattan Island, a great river on either hand, an ocean at her feet, and at her back a whole nation of tributary towns and villages ready to do her honor, and uphold her supremacy over the wide American Continent against all envious rivals. It was Christmas-eve, and the queen wore her holiday robes. New-fallen snow covered the pavements, evergreen trees made groves of the provision-stores, cone-laden boughs formed arbors over the long lines of plump turkeys, each bearing its sacrificial green sprig; graceful wreaths of running-pine clambered over the gift-books and framed the glowing paintings, aurel shone on the marble statuettes, h gleamed among the jewels, and in the windows of the toy-shops stood royal Christmas trees, glittering with lights and covered with glorified wonders so bewilderingly beautiful that the crowd of little faces outside was struck speechless with admiration. The sun was setting with less with admiration. The sun was setting; with his ruddy face hidden by a bank of snow-clouds, he sent a flood of golden light over the house-tops and lit up all the western windows to do or to Christmas-eve. The aerial illumination took the inhabitants of the queen-city by surprise. The day had been dark with thick-falling snow-flakes, and the night had come down rapidly, as though in answer to the wishes of all the waiting children on the island. Lights glittered in the crowded stores, and "Please, mamma, light the gas; it will make Christmas come quicker," had been pleaded in so many houses by earnest little voices, that mammas had yielded, and the chandeliers threw their light out over the snow through the curtained windows many minutes before the customary time, so that when King Sol sent up his fireworks, there was a double illumination all over the city. But the gas could not rival the sky tints. First came the golden beams glittering against the windows, shining on the lofty roofs, and lighting up the gilt cross on St. Boute's slender spire until it shone against the dark sky like a star. Then a vivid rose hue stole up to the zenith, and hurrying people paused to look at the warm light on the marble facades and the red glow over the snow. Dying off into a soft red glow over the snow. Dying off into a soft pink, the flush sank down to the west, dropping from cloud to cloud, and, fading away into the clear, pale yellow on the horizon, which, itself changing from yellow to purple, from purple to blue, and from blue to gray, gradually darkened

into the sombre night. Among the busy throng, two persons were walking side by side, apparently not themselves hurried, but forced to join in the quick pace of the moving crowd, sweeping up Broadway like an endless gala procession; fround the corner to the left, the ranks still unbroken, past haughty-windows wherein lay rich merchandise in careless heaps, and on to Aladdin's Palace, where less heaps, and on to Aladdin's Palace, where miling down on the vexed little upturned face. gold, pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, were shining, shimmering, glowing, gleaming, and sparkling, on their white velvet beds. "O Seth, let us go in for a moment!" ex-claimed Cicely, her brown eyes as bright as the jewels she admired. Tail Seth glanced over her head, scanned the

display with an indifferent gaze, and answered:
"Do you really care for those stones, Cicely?"
"They are diamonds, Seth—real royal diamonds. See those rings, that necklace, and oh. see those fringed ear-rings! How they sparkle! They must be worth thousands of dollars," murmured Cicely, in tones of awe.

They entered the palace and joined the crowd of gazers around the glass cases, Cicely flushed with excited interest, and Seth looking with amused glances, not at the jewels, but at his pretty companion. After a tour among the wonders, they secured a place at the diamond-counter, where the shiping are made at the diamond-counter, where the shiping are made at the diamond-counter. counter, where the shining gems, pure and self-radiant as liquid light, gladdened all hearts with their beauty. At least, so Cicely said, as she gazed, lost in an ecstasy of admiration.

"Those crosses Seth, and that diamond bird!
Look at the yellow gleam of this solitaire, and see the white light in that pin. And, O Seth, some more tringed ear-rings, like those in the window, but even more beautiful, if that is possible," and Cicely heaved a little sight Horsessible," and Cicely heaved a little sight Horsessible," sible;" and Cicely heaved a little sigh. Her com-panion stood beside her, but after a time these raptures fell upon an unlistening ear. Honest Seth had no eye for jewels, and his mind, full of engrossing thoughts, had wandered far from the scene, as he stood with one strong hand resting on the counter, lost in abstraction. So Cicely discovered him as after pursuing her

discovered him, as, after pursuing her mono-logue for some time, she withdrew her eyes from the treasures and look up for a response. Cicely Wild was charmingly pretty, with the dark shadows and ripe tints of brown beauty, a type as essentially peculiar as the blonde, and so-called brunette. Brown eyes, brown hair, brown skin, and a round little figure, even Seth Austin, practical machinist as he was expanded Austin, practical machinist as he was, expanded into poetry in her presence, calling her his dear little "nut-brown mayde." Poor and orphaned, well educated and energetic, the young girl be-longed to the great army of teachers, and, bravely leaving the district school on the hill and the lonely farm-house in the valley, she had come to the great city, where, if the work was twice as hard, the pay was also doubled, and life ten times as bright to the active young mind. But little Cicely did not venture into the crowded metropolis unfriended; the playmate of her childhood, the friend of her girlhood, and the lover of her maturer years, was there before her, working hard in the great Columbian Iron
Works, where the wonderful engines of the
ocean-steamers were formed, amid the noise
of bewildering and ponderous machinery.
Seth Austin, born and bred in the country town
of Plum Valley, had educated himself, studied mechanics, journeyed to New York, and obtained a place in the Columbian Iron Works, no one exactly knew how; himself least of all. Some men are born with their calling written by the finger of Nature upon their brows. Most of us plod on in whatever vocation our parents or chance select for us, and we are lawyers, physicians, or merchants, as it may happen, without any strong or importunate preference on our part. But now and then Nature gives us a lesson in phrenology, sending a musician, a painter, or an inventor into the world, so plainly marked that he who was a lesson in the second of the world. marked that he who runs may read. If the parents of the child of sounds are deaf to his capabilities and persist in making him a carpenter, how many hours will he steal from his
uncongenial toil, trying to fashion rude pipes
from the reeds by the river! If the parents of
the child of hues are blind to his powers and persist in making him a baker, how will he slip sway to mix his primitive colors; how will he make the fences his canvas, and paint the very loaves is the oven! Seth Austin was en-dowed with one of those rare brains in whose sight the principles and e. Plutions of ma-chinery are clear as the sunlight. Having no one to interfere with the bent of his inclinations, he had migrated from the water-wheels and blacksmith-shop of Plum Val-ley to the Columbian Iron Works with the certainty of a needle pointing to its pole; and there, although occupied with hands and mind all day. he still found time at night to weave his own ideas and make his own experiments upon the great laws which, even in the nineteenth century, are yet not wholly understood. From his childhood he had loved Cleely Wild, the one love of his life, and never had his fancy so much as glanced in another direction from the days

love of his life, and never had his fancy so much the days when they both attended the old red school on the hill, and shared their apples and ginger. In the corners stood young fires, lifting their heads and them one of his brief of the wings he had won from the "unt. here the wings he had won his wife as soon as fortune should smile even failty upon him; and when, in one of his brief citers he suggested the idea of her coming to New York, the little school-mistres swas eager by glad to desert the quiet village, delighted with the gay city, proud of her new position in thronged school, and happy in the frequent presence of her flower, abelis he found him, at times, strangely absent-minded. "Yes, but not quite natural to a man brought the gay cloud her heart; her slender ankles ached with climbing endless stairs, her little wrise trembled under the weight of heavy books, and her mind grew wearied with the strict rules trembled under the weight of heavy books, and her mind grew wearied with the strict rules trembled under the weight of heavy books, and her mind grew wearied with the strict rules trembled under the weight of heavy books, and her mind grew wearied with the strict rules to be addinged as a strangely severe for teacher as scholar. In the find a home for the country girl in a fastooner her mind grew wearied with the strict rules to find a home for the country girl in a fastooner her mind grew wearied with the strict rules the lower of the character o

wander away to his models, as vexed little Cicely would soon discover, doing her best, too, poor child, to entertain him in a corner of the well-filled drawing-room. One Sunday evening, coming from church, she vouchsafed but curt answers and chill remarks, until a turn in the street brought the boarding-house into view; then, in a torrent, her vexation and unhappi-

ness burst forth, and swept over the unsuspecting Seth in a storm of the tearful words.
"You do not care for me; you do not love me
any more! Why not be honest and say so?
Sitting there evening after evening and hour
after hour without saying one word! And,
besides, you never come but once in two weeks,
and never story more than the minutes the saying one. and never stay more than ten minutes when you do come. The other night, when I was speaking of Nilsson, you did not hear one word I said; and, when I asked you how old she was, you said 'about eighty, I believe;' and Miss Van Airytop laughed. It was all a mistake, my coming to New York. I wish I hadstayed in Plum Valley. I wish I had never seen you, and I don't think I want to live any longer. I should like to die and be buried," sobbed the "nut-brown mayde," in

When the astonished Seth had recovered his breath, he burst forth in rapid phrases: "My own Cicely, is it possible such trifles have troubled you? Do you not see that my mind is hourly filled with plans to hasten the day when I can place you in a home of our own? All my thoughts, all my labors, are for you, dear, and your love is all I live for in the world! I do not care for conventional sentences uttered within the hearing of idle strangers, but I come to the house to look at my darling, and go away strengthened for the battle going on, day and night, between me and Fate. You can have no idea how hard is the contest, but it is all for the idea how hard is the contest; but it is all for the

home, and the home, dear, is you."

Another week had passed, and Christmas was close at hand. The city was gay with holiday gifts and holiday people, and the veryair seemed rich and hospitable. Cicely, full of excitement, laid her plans for the day with careful precision. altering them regularly every night before fall-ing asleep, and writing spasmodic little notes to Seth every morning to inform him of the last important change in her programme. One evening, one precious evening, the two had the drawing-room all to themselves; the Van Airytops and retinue were at Booth's Theater, the Deepdowner family had gone to the Philharmenic Concert, and the Misses Ecclesiæ were

menic Concert, and the Misses Ecclesiae were attending rehearsal at St. Bonte's.

"Isn't this delightful?" exclaimed Cicely, as she danced into the room; "we are alone, you can stay all the evening, and I will show you my final programme for Christmas day." They seated themselves, and the little lady had no cause to complain of an inattentive listener as she talked on happily for many minutes. At length, drawing a roll of paper from her pocket, she said: "This, Seth, is the programme. It begins at noon on Christmas eve. Our holidays commence at exactly the same hour; isn't that delightful? Oh, Seth, how could you? Suppose

Priscilla Ann should see you?" Would she crush me at one fell blow?" "Nonsense, sir! But, really, you must be careful, for Priscilla Ann is an important person, and her ideas of propriety are stern as Piymouth rock. Listen now to the " PROGRAMME.

"For Christmas Ece .- Walk on Broadway from four to five; dine at the Silver Restaurant (lobster salad, omelette souffle, Neapolitan cream, and plum cake); attend the rehearsal at St.

For Christmas Day .- Meet at the corner at ten a. m. exactly; attend service at St. Bonte's; lunch at the Golden Restaurant, (eclairs, fruit and candies;) in the afternoou the Pantomime' at Mallot's; dine at the Diamond Restaurant, (pate de foie gras, meringue glaces, and plum pudding;) in the evening attend Booth's Theater, and buy a bouquet. "(Signed) CICELY WILD."
"Excellent! excellent!" applauded Seth;

but could you not allow me a small portion of meat, and one or two potatoes, dear?"

"Never! For once, at least, you shall eat
Elysian food. Sign your name, sir!"

"I must go now," said the young man, as he
traced a bold "Seth Austin" beside the delicate

"Only half-past eight," exclaimed Cicely, in a tone of grieved wonder; "and we seldom have an evening alone together."
"Never mind, dear, it will all come right in the end. Indeed, I must go, for I have some work to do at the office; and, besides, my head is so filled with business that I should prove but a

"Trust me, dear. I amfull of anxiety to-night."

"Then stay, and let me smooth out the troubles," whis pered Cicely, with a beseeching

But Seth was not to be persuaded, although as blue eyes shone with affectionate solicitude as he said good night. The door closed; and he

Little Cicely sat alone in the drawing-room, nursing annoyance into anger, and mistaking wounded vanity for grief. Four months in the city had not left her unchanged, and her fresh beauty had attracted enough attention to disturb the even balance of her inexperienced a young gentleman living in the same house, had found time to notice the country girl, although ostensibly he belonged to the Van Airytop retinue. A few chance words on the stairs, a few chance conversations in the drawing-room, a few encounters in the street, expressive black tyes, a waxed moustache, and diamond studs, formed a fascinating vision in Cicely's eyes, and, as sh: mused, a step in the hall and a low voice behind betrayed the very presence of the vision. The conversation that ensued was more than pleasant to the disappointed little heart. Seth never spoke as gently, or sympathized so entirely with all her feelings and tastes, Mr. de Volage appreciated all her ideas, he understood her without the necessity of evolunctions.

seth never spoke as gently, or sympathized so entirely with all her feelings and tastes, Mr. de Volage appreciated all her ideas, he understood her without the necessity of explanation, and his delicate, unspoken homage contrasted vividly with Seth's blunt ways. After all, a veil of mystery increases the charm of the fairest flower, and in conversation with Mr. de Volage there was always something behind, something implied rather than disclosed—in short, something to be discovered. So thought Cicely two hours later, as, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, she busied herself in the arrangement of her cell; the careful stowing away of every article was more of a necessity there than a virtue, for even a pin seemed to crowd the floor and hide the pattern of the carpet.

At last the happy hour arrived, and at four o'clock the day before Christmas, Cicely and Seth were walking up Broadway, the little cloud on the nut-brown mayde's brow having vanished in the joy of meeting. She talked as gayly and continuously as the canary bird sings, and her companion, although somewhat grave, looked so happy and showed such tender affection in all his words, that Mr. de Volage's black eyes were altogether forgotten, and all went merry as the Christmas bells. After swaying about in the Broadway throng, they had drifted into Aladdin's Palace, where, as before described, Cicely was lost in the diamonds, and Seth in his own busy thoughts. As she glanced up at her abstracted companion, Miss Wild observed the dark face of Blanchard de Volage, at a little distance, examining a pair of fringed diamond earrings, with the air of a connoisseur. As Cicely returned his graceful bow, she pulled Seth's coat-sleeve, whispering impatiently:

"Do take me away from these jewels; they really make me unhappy."

Passing Mr. de Volage, she intuitively felt the prolonged stare with which he honored Mr. Austm, and never before had Seth's boots seemed so old, his hands so large, and his coat so unfashionable. Unconscious Seth, however, drew Cicely's arm

ear-rings, I suppose?" And a deep sigh followed.

But the Silver Restaurant opened its doors, and in the new delight of ordering the dishes prescribed by the programme, Cicely grew amiable again, and the dinner was pronounced a delicious success. At least Miss Wild said so, and Seth obediently ate whatever she gave him, not even daring to refuse the large slice of plumcake with which the feast closed. After paying tribute to the majestic being who presided over the table, they sallied forth into the clear, cold night, and, crossing the avenue, entered the open door of St. Bonte's, and sought refuge in a shadowed seat near a carved column. The body of the church was dimly lighted, but the chancel and choir shone brilliantly, as busy workers were placing heavy festoons of evergreen over the windows, twining the pulpit with delicate wreaths, and heaping the font with glowing hot-house flowers. Up in the shadows of the roof shone a bright star, and over the chancel arch, in letters of living green, these words appeared: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." In the corners stood young fir trees, lifting their heads amid the oaken tracery, and, from arch to arch across the church, swang

the air; now pealing a chime of Christmas bells, and ending with a strain of such seraphic sweet-ness that the tears came to the hearer's eyes. "It is the celestial voice," whispered Cicely, as the sound died away and the choir began a

Soon the noise of bells mingled with the voices soon the noise of bells mingled with the voices; the ringer, too, must have his rehearsal, and, up and down, back and forth, the swinging belis rang out their notes, telling to the city the glad tidings of great joy with all their silvery strength. At last the work was done, the last wreath adjusted, the last hymn sung, the last peal rung; the lights were extinguished, all but one, and, going out in the night, Cicely and her companion walked slowly homeward.

going out in the night, Cicely and her companion walked slowly homeward.

"Think of the old church being left there alone, with all her festal garments on," said Cicely. "I wonder if the spirits do not come down, flit through the aisles, arrange the flowers, and even sound a few strains on the organ? Suppose that all the dead in the church-yard should come to life again on Christmas-eve, and id come to life again on Christmas-eve, and hold a service of their own in the decorated

"St. Bonte has no church-yard, little "It ought to have, then; don't spoil my illu-Ten o'clock, and the four-story brown front of Miss Rogers's boarding-house loomed be-

fore them "Come in for a moment," pleaded Cicely. "I cannot, dear; I have something to do at the

house—business matters."

"Always business," thought Cicely; "on Christmas eve at least it should be banished."

So she said "good-night" with an iil grace, and, entering the hall, glanced into the drawand, entering the hall, glanced into the drawing-room on her way up stairs. There stood Blanchard de Volage, and as he hastened to meet her a gleam of pleasure soothed her annoyance, and, shyly accepting a seat by the register, she listened to his honeyed phrases with complacent pleasure. In the course of conversation, Mr. de Volage discovered that Cicely had been listening to the rehearsal at St. Bonte's.

"Ah, yes," he remarked, "very pretty little choir, I believe. For myself, I always attend old Methuselah's. There we have two choirs of boys, two hundred and fifty voices in each; six hundred tenors, and a thousand bassos. On Christmas day, in addition to the four organs, we have as many brass bands. The effect is ys, two hundred and fifty voices in each; six truly soul-inspiring—thrilling, and yet so soft. The congregation, too, is truly elegant; the very air is fragrant—incense wafted in from concealed gratings—so æsthetic! Let me advise you to go there to morrow, Miss Wild." Some time afterward, in speaking of Christ-mas presents, Mr. de Volage said, meaningly: "You admire diamonds, Miss Wild?" Cicely confessed the admiration.

"Pretty stones, truly; and Aladdin has some fair specimens—that is, fair for America. The ear-rings especially are quite tasteful.' "Fringed?" inquired Cicely, eagerly.

"Ah, yes—as you say, fringed. For my part,
I consider diamonds the only appropriate gift
from a gentleman to a lady. Crystallized flowers, collecte triffes, more enduring than the real

blossoms, fitting ornaments for flower-like faces. Did you notice any necklaces or tiaras that pleased your fancy, Miss Wild?"

"I was particularly attracted by the earrings."

"Ah, yes—as you say, ear-rings. A pendant gem from the shell-like ear of beauty no doubt mhances the starry gleam of the eyes. As Tennyson says-And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the jewel That trembles at her ear.'

I hope Tennyson is your favorite poet, Miss And so the conversation rippled on, in matter rothing, in manner much, until the sound of a carriage at the door roused Cicely to a realiza-

"It is after eleven," she said, rising; "I must go," and escaping up the staircase, she heard the voluminous rustle of Miss Van Airytop's robes—Wilhelmina Van Airytop, the tall blonde with the aquiline nose and pale-blue eyes, whom she especially dreaded.

Christmas morning and bright sunshine, with just enough clear crispness in the air to keep the snow from melting; could any one ask more?

Little Cicely thought not, as she ran up-stairs after an early solitary breakfast, to prepare for the long day of pleasure opening in a rosy vista before her. A knock at the door announced the severe features of Priscilla Ann, with wiry hand waits for an answer," said this grim damsel, eveing with grave disapproval the drooping plume on Cicely's little hat.

But Miss Wild for once remained untouched by Priscilla's glances. With swelling heart she read the following lines, hastily written in pencilon a leaf torn from a note-book:

"Dear Cicely: I am grieved to disappoint you, but unexpected business will detain me all day. Hope to see you this evening and bring good news. In haste,

From the rosy summit of hope, down dropped Cicely to the depths of angry despair. After a moment's hesitation, she wrote the following words in realy: words in reply: " Mr. S. Austin-Dear Sir: After such a Christ-

mas greeting, I feel disposed to express what has long been in my mind—we are not suited to each other! From henceforth, consider yourself free. Anything you have to say had best be written. Farewell forever! "CICELY WILD."

After dispatching this fierce missive by the hand of the inflexible Priscilla, Cicely sat down to take breath. Anger flushed her cheeks, shone in her eyes, and beat rapidly in her pulses. A crowd of thoughts filled her mind, and wounded pride swelled her heart.

"After my long anticipation, my plans, and the open delight I manifested only last evening, to be so carelessly thrust aside!" she mused, with bitter feeling. "Seth has changed; there can be no doubt of that. For two months, at least, I have noticed how absent-minded and abstract-ed he was, evidently thinking of some one else! Who can it be? Not that it is of the slightest consequence to me, not the least; but who ever consequence to me, not that it is of the slightest she is, I hope she understands steam-engines, and takes pleasure in being trodden down to the very dust!"

As the last thought called up a vision to Cicely's mind, she rapidly transferred it to pa-

Cicely's mind, she rapidly transferred it to paper.

"Very tall shall you be, miss, and bony," said the nut-brown mayde, apostrophizing her unknown rival; "high-shouldered, leathery, and tough. A roman nose, my lady; spectacles, and a high, beetling forehead, with plenty of room for your steam-engine knowledge. Long, flat gaiters, liste-thread gloves, a water-proof cloak, and an umbrella, shall complete your outfit, my dear, and I hope you feel ready to be trodden down to the very dust."

Some time being required to finish this sketch, the first flush of anger subsided, and left an aching void; but dormant vanity awoke, and displayed a rose-colored vision, in whose vista cupids, perfumes, showers of diamonds, and the dark eyes of Blanchard de Volage, floated in bewildering confusion. Lost in contemplation, Cicely sat dreaming until the sound of bells aroused her to reality. Putting on the plumed hat, she tripped lightly down stairs—one, two, three, four flights—and, opening the front door, stepped out into Christmas, the bells far and near pealing out for—

near pealing out for—
"Merry, merry Christmas!
Down through the crowded street,
While all the city chimes in ringing chorus The Gloria repeat. "And sounding onward over hill and valley, Buried beneath the snow. The village spires take up the joyful story, Echoing to and fro."

Cicely's feet did not turn toward St.-Bonte's, but, crossing the avenue, they carried her into a car; just standing room for the two little soles and no more, while the fresh robes were crushed and the plumed hat knocked out of shape by a swaying, struggling crowd. A pull at the bell, the horses stop, and the wedged mass sways wildly from north to south as a female is pushed in from the rear platform. The hangers-on behind climb on again, and the horses struggle forward. Another pull, another stop, and the wedged mass sways from east to west as another female from the extreme forward end is crushed and hauled down the line, and handed out to the pavement in a collapsed condition. Cicely hoped that time would lighten the car, but the hope was in valu. On they went, leaving residences behind them, jolting through narrow streets, rumbling along behind huge warehouses, plunging under dark archways, getting off the track at sharp corners; a crushed, cold, and wretched crowd. Cicely had grown up with an implicit belief in the gallantry of the native-American white man, but this ride drove the delusion away forever.

"Oh, if I only had Se—somebody to hold me steady,' she thought, as the car gave a sudden lurch.

But no "somebody" was there, and glad was to escape when the car finally stopped, and let Cicely's feet did not turn toward St.-Bonte's

But no "somebody" was there, and glad was to escape when the car finally stopped, and let out its victims at Broadway. A hurried walk brought her to the door of old Methuselah. She entered, and beheld—another crowd. Pews, aisles, gallery, chancel-steps, and vestibules, every inch occupied by a densely-packed throng, over whose shoulders she could not hope to look, even if she could have penetrated beyond the

Donck street!" sounded in her ears. Applying both hands to the implacable overcoat, Cicely made another effort. The black wall swayed a

made another effort. The black wall swayed a little, but, taking firm hold of the strap, relapsed into stolidity again.

"Jan Joris Rapaeije Street!" shouted the hoarse voice, and Cicely growing desperate as the names grew longer, began beating a tattoo upon the overcoat with such force that it sprang around fiercely with—"What the — creation do you want, ma'am?" The angry tone and scowling brow terrified little Cicely so that she could scarcely gasp out her question, to which when asked the overcoat responded: "Patroon Square? Three miles from here; don't you know where you are going, ma'am?" Then, as know where you are going, ma'am?" Then, as Cicely rose and turned toward the door with an anxious look, the overcoat called loudly, "Woman here wants to get out," at the same time settling comfortably down into the vacant seat, and opening a newspaper to prevent further conversation

When at last Miss Wild succeeded in reaching the door, she ventured to ask how she could reach Patroon Square. "Take fourth green car to Woutervantwiller Street, and connect with the Panuw Avenue line," answered the hoarse voice, as a dozen hands lifted her down to the muddy pavement, and the car went on.

Cars were passing in rapid succession, and, selecting the fourth, Cicely stepped inside; as soon as the conductor approached, she asked if this was the route to Patroon Square. "No!" growled the youth; "second track to the left," and, pulling the bell, he stopped the car and handed her off. "This must be the right one," thought our bewildered heroine, as a car came in sight on the second track to the left. - Again she asked her question, this time not venturing to get on

"Red car behind," was the answer, and at last Cicely found herself in the right place, with plenty of time to discover how cold, tired, and hungry the morning's excursion had left her, not to speak of the condition of her holiday attire. At last Woutervantwiller Street gave place to Panuw Avenue, and, as a shade of faintness stole over her, the familiar building of Patroen Square appeared, and on the right he welcome sign, "Golconda Ladies' Restaurant." With eager step she approached and en-tered, to find only a sulky boy in possession, and the little tables covered with inhospitable baize.

"Can I have lunch here?" she asked. " Restaurant ain't open Christmas-day." | "Won't you be able to let me have a few oys-ters and some coffee?" ' Nothing on hand to-day but candies, mum.

"A singular restaurant!"
"Most ladies lunch at home, or visit out, on Christmas-day; all but country folks, perhaps. Leaving the "Golconda" with all the dignity she could muster, the forlorn little maiden walked up the street in search of the "Koh-i-noor Dining-rooms for Ladies," whose sign she had often read in happier hours. But the Koh-i-noor's brilliancy was also shrouded in baize, and the countenance of the young woman in the the countenance of the young woman in charge betokened such lofty scorn that Cicely did not dare to propound her humble question, and, after purchasing a small amount of candy, she retreated in silent humility and resumed the hunt. At length, having walked several miles she was rendered desperate by the pangs of hunger, and boldly resolved to enter the first restaurant, even although not exclusively for ladies. The "Grand Mogul" received her, as she timidly entered, with a prolonged stare, but made no objection to her seating herself at one of the tables, and after some delay a foreign waiter appeared, and calmly inspected his victim.

"Have you a bill of fare ?" asked Cicely. The mogul, however, was too much occupied to reply. He twitched the cloth up, he twitched it down, he patted on the right, he pulled it on the left, he moved the castor to all four points of the compass, falling back after each charge to study the effect, and finally applied all his energy to polishing the mustard spoon, on a much-enduring napkin produced from the rece ses of his pocket. "Have you a bill of fare?" ventured Cicely again. The mogul finished the spoon, admired its sheen, replaced it, yawned and then remarked in a conversational tone :

"Did you speak, Miss?"
"Have you a bill of fare?" repeated the little "Oh, you mean the carte, I presume," in an encouraging tone. "No, miss. On Christmas day our guests are prepared to expect a certain fixed course suitable to the occasion, a me-

"What are they?" asked Cicely.
"Indeed, miss, it would be difficult to make you understand the names, being French; and, besides, it is one of our rules to surprise our guests on Christmas day.' "Bring me something, then, as soon as pos-sible," said Cicely, at last, reduced to abject humility by the dignity of the mogul, and the pangs of hunger; "anything will do."
"Pardon me, but we never depart from our

rules. You shall be served in due time, and with our regular course."

And so it proved. Dish after dish was placed upon the table, each containing unknown comopon the table, each containing unknown compounds of dubious taste and uncertain odor, and, after Cicely had vainly attempted to eat them, the mogul would sweep them away and return them with a fresh supply, spreading them out in martial array, and retiring a few steps to watch the effect. Having partially subdued her hunger with bread and potatoes, Cicely ventured to signify her desire for the hill. to signify her desire for the bill. Mogul departed and came back with a portly document in which the guest was charged for ten courses, price ten dollars, and wished a "merry Christmas" by two corpulent cupids at the top. But I have only had five courses," suggested

"You are at liberty to have them all, missour regular carte for Christmas-day, miss; we

our regular carte for Christmas-day, miss; we never depart from our rules."

Out in the street again with lightened purse, Cicely hesitated! Should she give it up and ignominiously beat a retreat? Never! There was the pantomime at Mallot's designated in the original Christmas programme, and, signalling an omnibus, he jou n yed down toward the enchanted reaims where dwelt wonderful clowns, fairy columbines, and mysterious harlequins. As the performance had commenced, the vestibule was comparatively empty, and Cicely went up to the dungeon to buy her ticket.

"Reserved seat forward, three dollars," said a voice within.

"I thought the price was a dollar and a half."

"I thought the price was a dollar and a half." answered Cicely, standing on tiptoe to see the owner of the voice.

owner of the voice.

"Christmas day, prices raised," growled the man; and, giving the money in haste, Cicely shrank away, and opened the inner door. Here was a crowd beyond anything she had yet seen, a dense mass of human beings of all ages. A band was playing, and shouts of laughter greeted the actors, who were entirely invisible to little Cicely, with a wall of overcoats towering above her head on all sides. Even a worm will turn when trampled upon; and as Cicely recovered her breath, after a hard push from a particular disagreeable man who passed her rudely at the door, she caught the usher by the arm, and demanded her reserved seat with some asperity.

"Very sorry, miss; great crowd; Chrismas-day, miss. Only three vacant seats left in front; obliged to charge a dollar extra for them."

"But I have already paid an extra price for this ticket."

"Very sorry miss. Christmas-day. A dollar extra. Those are my orders."

Determined, after so many disappointments, to enjoy at least a taste of holiday festivities, Gicely paid the required sum, and then began a series of hand-to-hand encounters with overcoats, as, following the usher, she wrestled her way through the throng. One very young gentleman, of Hebrew descent, accompanied her a portion of the way, and truly grateful was Miss Wild for his assistance; turning to thank him when she discovered the vacant seat near by, behold he was gone, but she had no time to regret hold he was gone, but she had no time to regret his departure, as the glories of the stage met her eye, and soon forgot every thing but the fairy scene before her. In a few minutes a voice on

the left murmured: "Pretty, isn't it?"
"Beautiful," answered Cicely, warmly, without removing her eyes from the stage.
"You don't hail from the city, I'll bet," resumed the voice; "I know that by your fresh

sumed the voice; "I know that by your fresh color."

Startled by this remark, Miss Wild turned her head, and encountered the admiring gaze of a precocious youth of perhaps fifteen summers. Turning her back upon this aspiring Lothario, Cicely's attention was again fixed upon the stage, when a voice on the left began:

"Fair unknown, why so pensive?"

This time the offender was a rotund gentleman of mature age, and Cicely, somewhat alarmed, returned no answer, but looked steadily toward the stage. "Offended?" resumed the voice; "charming unknown, deign to glance with pity upon an humble admirer." At this petition, Cicely rose from her seat and looked back over the sea of faces; no usher was in sight, but, preferring a stormy passage to the presence of the humble admirer, she boldly made her way into the aisle, and after many perils arrived at the vestibule, where, encountering the usher, she

humble admirer, she boldly made her way into the aisle, and after many perils arrived at the vestibule, where, encountering the usher, she made a formal complaint. "Very sorry, miss, Christmas day; impossible to keep order; great crowd." responded the usher, in polite jerks. But Cloely was not appeased. "It is disgraceful?" she exclaimed with withering emphasis. "Verry sorry, miss, Christmas day; moef ladies has gentlemen with them in such a crowd," retorted the usher.

Out in the street again, Miss Wild walking rapidly up-town; the sky had grown dark, and a raw cast wind swept through the city. What next? A firm resolve to go somewhere and do something filled her mind, and remembering the planted noticed "Open Daily" over the Mottled Alhambra she turned her steps toward its classic walls, only to find on the pre-Raphaelite doors the following inscription: "Closed on Christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gallery closed; Christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gallery closed; Christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gallery closed; Christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gallery closed; Christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gallery closed; Christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gallery closed; Christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gallery closed; Christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gallery closed; christmas day." Crossing the city to another abode of art, she encountered on the threshold the pleasant welcome, "Gal

and grieving over her lost money. At length the narrow lofty front, under whose roof-tree our weary bird had her perch, same in view, and, in response to Cicely's ring, the severely proper Priscilla Ann opened the door.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Wild, is it? I thought you intended to dine out to-day. I know Miss Rogers thought so, for she said all the boarders was out, and there'd be no dinner to get. So there's nobody at home but me, and I've got company in the kitchen."

"It's of no consonuence, Priscilla Ann," said

"It's of no consequence, Priscilla Ann," said Cicely; "I shall do very well; I lunched heartily my plans were unexpectedly altered I—"
But Priscilla was gone, and Cicely commenced
the long ascent to her perch, wishing she was in
reality a bird, that wings might save her weary
feet. Arrived at last, she found the fireout; the
heartless little store was cold as a store. heartless little stove was cold as a stone. Di-vesting herself of her holiday attire, she plunged into its black depths, and, with soot on her nose and grimy hands, began laying the foundations anew with the utmost care, for well she knew the peradiousness of the little imp, kindling with brilliant haste, and then going out without the slightest provocation. Needing more coal, Cicely stepped into the hall, when, as she reached the coal-box, the sound of the opposite door sent her flying into a closet, from whose dark depths she had the pleasure of beholding Mr. Blanchard de Volage, exquisitely dressed, coming out of his room and descending the stairs, humming an opera air as he went. The closing door, four flights below, told of his de-parture. "I wonder where he has gone?" thought Cicely, as she went back with her coal; "to-morrow morning I shall certainly begin to encourage him. Heretofore I have parried his advances, but now I am free, and can do as I The fire well started, the next thought was

dinner. The early breakfast, and the intangi-

ble lunch of the Great Mogul, had left an aching void behind. Priscilla Ann must on no account be disturbed, and the approaching darkess forbade any extended foraging expedition ness forbade any extended loraging expedition but, remembering a little family supply-store around the corner, Cicely donned her old cloak and hat, and, stealing down the stairs, sallied forth for her small supplies. But the supply-store was closed, no doubt on account of Christmas-day, and wandering on, block after block, she at length found a brilliantly-lighted shop, where the mode her little purchases with a where she made her little purchases, with a crushing sense of their insignificance as compared with the grandeur of the magnate who measured them out. Having obtained from this dignitary a quarter-pound of coffee, the same of sugar, a loaf of bread, a can of oysters, and a small tin pail, to serve as coffee-pot, Cicely got into a car, and seated herself with her arms encumbered with brown-paper parcels. By this time it was quite dark, and she was anxiously waiting for the familiar corner of X—street, when the carstopped; there was a block in front, two cars off the track, and a carriage overturned at the cross-street. Sitting there patiently holding her bundles. Cicely looked out through the glass at the line of vehicles alongside. Presently there was a movement, then another stop, and this time an elegant carriage met her gaze, so close that the faces of the occupants were distinctly visible in the glare of the adjoinwere distinctly visible in the glare of the adjoin-ing street-lamp. The tin pail dropped at her feet, and the oysters followed, as she recognized Blanchard de Volage and Miss Van Airytop, the very Wilhemina whose aquiline nose and pale-blue eyes were her especial aversion. With a fixed gaze, Cicely watched the smiles, glances, and over conversation, within the conjugate of the conand gay conversation, within the carriage, a Christmas pantomime, indeed, although not the one she had planned. Evidently an intimate relation existed between the two; and Blarchard's eyes, oh, perfidy! rested upon his companion with the same expression, the very identical devotion, which Cicely had so often seen beaming upon herself. At this point, Miss Van Airy-top archly shook her blond ringlets, and some-thing flashed. What was it? Could it be? It was! The very pair of fringed diamond ear-rings she had seen at Aladdin's Palace, in Blanchard's hand. The carriage moved on, and all the bundles fell to the floor, as Miss Wild sought for her handkerchief and furtively wiped

Wearily ringing the bell, Cicely endured, as well as she could, the impatient glance of Pris-cilla Ann and her inquisitive comment. "Well, now. Miss Wild, if it aint you again! And with all them bundles, too!" Climbing the stairs, she unlocked her cell door and entered; the fire was out, of course, and no more kindling left in the box. Another encounter with Priscilla Ann was clearly impossible, and, after fice of all her letter paper and a pamphlet nevel, the sullen little stove consented to blaze, and hope revived. Filling the tin pail with water from the pitcher, Cicely removed the cover and endeavored to insert the impromptu coffee-pot into the top of the stove; but a puff of smoke repulled her and the real less than the resulted her and the repelled her, and the pail was left to thaw on the putside, while the oyster can was attacked with a penknife. Two jerks and a wrench, one blade broken; two more jerks, another gone. A fruit knife next fell a sacrifice, and two pairs of scissors were lamed for life, but the oyster can remained unharmed. Some book recommended the poker was heated, it refused to burn any thing but Cicely's arm, where a fragment of merino and a portion of skin responded gayly to the melting touch.

Binding up the smarting wrist as well as she could, Cicely gave up the oysters, and sat down to wait for the water to boil. Six, half-past, and seven, sounded from St.-Bonte's slender spire, and still that water continued mildly tepid; at last the famished little school-mistress poured in the coffee, and after a gentle simmer, drank the mixture, with the accompanying delicacy of dry bread. It was not good. Even the Marchioness, with her "make believe very much," could not have relished it Sitting on the floor, with begrimed face and smarting wrist, Cicely caught sight of her rival, the sketch of the morning. Snatching it from the table, she flung it into the fire and watched it burn with gloomy satisfaction; then, as the remembrance of the angry words she had written to Seth came over her, she laid her tired head on a chair and burst into tears,

A knock at the door aroused her, and unlockeing it, Priscilla's voice was heard. tepid; at last the famished little school-mistress

ing it, Priscilla's voice was heard.
"A young man to see you, Miss Wild; Mr.
Austin, I believe." Down stairs flew Cicely, just as she was, nor

paused until a pair of strong arms received her in the deserted drawing-room. Seth seemed much excited, for, without noticing her appearance, or commenting upon her angry note, he exclaimed: "I have perfected my invention, Cicely, the firm have examined it, it is to be patented, and I am a partner from this date! What do you say to that for a Christmas present, darling?"

mas present, darling?"

The great tidings proved only sober truth; the absent-minded, engrossed inventor had reaped the fruits of his hard brain-work, and a bright the fruits of his hard brain-work, and a bright future opened before him.

"I kept it all a secret, for I wanted to surprise you, and spare you the anxiety of suspense," he said, after the first eager questions and answers. "I spoiled your Christmas dear, but here is a trifle to make you forget all about it."

The trifle was a box containing a pair of fringed diamond ear-rings, more superb than any Cicely had seen.

"O Seth! And I have nothing to give you," said the "nut-brown mayde," with tearful eyes, and a heart full of repentance.

"You have something to give me, Cicely, and I am come to beg for it. You can give me a dear little wife. See! I take her, in spite of herself; and who shall say this is not, after all, a merry Christmas?"

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

INCIDENT OF WINTER TRAVEL.—It appears that the buffaloes were very much discommoded by the late terrible snow storm on the Pacific railroad. While one train of cars was embedded in the snow these animals gathered to the lee side for shelter. A correspondent says:—If any one felt disposed he might, from his seat in the car, pop them over with his revolver—the rest would not move—they could not be driven away by engine whistling or human voice, but crowded their shaggy sides close up to the cars and there stood with bowed heads tor the storm to pass. Many were seen to fall down in their tracks, deud from the cold, and when at last the train was dug out and moved off, the track was lined with these huge, shaggy, frozen carcasses. We think a robe a luxury in winter—so it is. Imagine the severity of the weather when the animal which furnishes the robe freezes to death under his natural protection. under his natural protection.

WATER-PROOF DRESSING FOR BOOTS AND HARRESS.—One of the most important means of preserving health, especially at this season, is to keep the feet dry and warm. Farmers and others who are exposed to wet and cold, would find the following composition very valuable, as a protection and a preservative for their boots. It is also excellent as a dressing for harness. Neat's-foot oil, 1% pint; bees-wax, 1 oz.; spirits turpentine, 1 oz.; pine tar, 1 oz. Mest and mix together, and stir until cold. Spread and rub this composition over the leather while it is damp; leather will absorb oil or grease better when damp than when dry. For the soles take pine tar, and rub it in before a fire until the soles will absorb no more. Three or four appli-

Literary Anecdotes. In the recently published Literary Life of Rev. Wm. Harness, Vicar of Knightsbridge, England, there are a number of entertaining anecdotes of well-known persons. The editor tells, fer instance, of a certain dinner at which the famous Archdeacon Paley was the lion. Everybody waited breathlessly for the golden words which were expected to drop from the lips of the author of the Natural Theology, but

he made only a single remark, and it was this:
"I don't think these puddens are much good unless the seeds are taken out of the raisins!"

If this was not brilliant, certainly a request made by Paley at another clerical banquet was not exemplary of the Divine command to love his neighbor as himself. The Archdeacon found himself in a draught, and calling one of the waiters, he said to him :-"Shut that window behind me and open one lower dewn, behind one of the curates!" In the same volume it is related of Coleridge that while walking down the street one day, in profound meditation, he found himself face to face with a baker's boy, carrying a large basket. He seized the urchin, took him solemnly aside, and declared to the astonished and bewildered voungster: "I never knew a man good because ne was religious; but I have known one religious ecause he was good."
And of a Dr. Routh this one is told: A country

rector complained to him of having received only five pounds for preaching a sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" said the Doctor, why I wouldn't have preached that sermon for Sheridan alluded loftily, one day, at a theatri-

cal fund dinner, to his "being descended from the loins of a king." Dr. Spry, who was sitting next to Harness, said, "That is quite true. The last time I saw his father he was King of Den-Allusion is made in this connection to the fact that Mrs. Sheridan indignantly declared her husband a villain, when, as she said, "I discovered that all the love letters he sent me were

the very same as those which he sent to his first Pure Water the Best Drink No axiom of health is more just than that men never have a true appetite till they eat with relish any ordinary food." It is told of John Bailis, who lived to the age of 128, that his food, for the most part, consisted of brown bread and cheese, and his drink of water and milk. He had buried the town of Northampton twenty times over, excepting three or four; and it is said strong drink killed them all. Water manifestly is the natural beverage of all animals; whole nations, as the Mohammedans and the Hindoos, use it alone as a beverage, and, unlike other drink, it will not sate the appetite. but the contrary; indeed, it was observed by Hippocrates, above 2,000 years ago, that water drinkers have usually keen appetites. It is a fluid that requires no digestion, for it is not necessary that it should undergo any changes; it is the natural menstruum that holds in solution both what is essential for the healthy functions of the body and what has become a refuse, after serving its destined office and intention in the animal kingdom. Water, therefore, from its congenial qualities, can never much disturb the system; and when it does, it is speedily ex-pelled by its natural outlets, the skin and kid-neys. It is told of Lord Healthfield, so well known for his habits of strict military discipline and watchfulness, that his food was vegetables, and his drink water, never indulging in animal food or wine. And Sir John Sinclair, in his work on longevity, says, in his account of Mary Campbell, then aged one hundred and five, that she preferred pure water to any other drink.

being tried before a Salt Lake City Police Court not long since, the women assaulted the witnesses cleaned out the policemen, and held the field against odds, for some time.

A Winnebago County (Wis.) woman who has paid taxes on her house for many years, and who has been a female suffrage advocate during all that time, now declares that she will stand it no longer-she will vote or burn her house.

THE ANCHOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW JERSEY

HOME OFFICE, 178 BROADWAY, N. Y. E. C. FISHER, President. BRANCH OFFICE, 517 7th street, ep. Post Office. LIGHTER & MARCHE, Gen'l Managers.

Invites Particular Attention to its Special and Popular Features. First.—Its Rates are lower than those of most promiment and safe companies.

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Ninth.—It invites you to insure, expecting to deal with you honestly, and to give you a fair equivalent for your money. See one of its policies and its terms.

Composing its Board of Directors for this city and District of Columbia are some of our best business men. Talk with them before you insure in any Company.

Notice.-Redemption of 5-20 Bonds of 1862. TREASURY DEPARTMENT, December 20, 1871.
By virtue of the authority given by an act of Congress approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," I hereby give notice that the principal and accrued interest of the bonds herein-below designated, known as Five twenty Bonds, will be paid at the Treasury of the United States, in the city of Washington, on and after the twentieth day of March, 1872, and that the interest of said bonds will cease on that day That is to say, Connon Bonds known as the SECOND SERIES, act of February 25, 1862, dated May 1, 1972, as follows:

SERIES, act 1972, as follows:
1972, as follows:
COUPON—Second Series.
1972, both inc \$50-No. 5461 to No. 10775, both inclusive. \$100-No. 1394 to No. 25935, \$500-No. 7965 to No. 16179, REGISTERED. \$100-No. 698 to No. 840, both inclusive. \$100-No. 5080 to No. 5991, \$500-No. 2484 to No. 2958, \$1,000-No. 11009 to No. 13150, \$5,000-No. 3403 to No. 4102, \$19,000-No. 3900 to No. 4774,

BOROBALSAMINE: A NEW DISCOVERY.

THE GREAT ANTISEPTIC LOTION. WATERY SOLUTION OF THE HEALING BALSAMIC GUMS ACCOMPLISHED. Process discovered and patented by Prof. Oldberg, of the Pharm. Dept. of Howard University, September 12th, 1871.)

CLINICAL BOROBALSAMINE
Is unparalleled as a dressing for WOUNDS, ULFERS
and SORES of every description, which it heals by
inducing healthy granulation. It is the most EX
FECTIVE remedy for all SKIN DISEASES. Is no "cure-all," nor a secret compound; but every intelligent person can see and understand, from the single tests set forth in our circulars, that it is the most RATIONAL remedy ever introduced to the public, for the purposes for which it is recommended.

NO OTHER REMEDY HOLDS THE SAME TESTS!

NO OTHER REMEDY HOLDS THE SAME TESTS!

CLINICAL BOROBALSAMINE
Is effective, pleasant, and perfectly harmless.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS:

—As you place me in possession of the various ingredients which enter into the composition of this article, I have no hesitation in declaring that the preparation MUST be valuable for the uses to which it is intended to be applied.— I shall take pleasure in submitting the Borobalsamine to the usual tests in my practice, and will communicate to you the result.

Very respectfully yours.

CHRIS. C. COX, M. D., LL.D."

"—The burn, as you know, was very severe; but from the moment we began to apply the BOEO-BALSAMINE all pain and inflammation ceased. ADDISON DENT, M. D."

ADDISON DENT, M. D."

"—— I persuaded a friend to use it for a very aggravated case of TETTER. which had been treated by a variety of remedial agents—to no purpose. After the use of the first bottle a decided improvement was noticed, and now, having continued its use for three weeks, is entirely cured.

All BOROBALSAMINE PREPARATIONS are sold by the Druggists generally, and at the principal Depot, No. 300 I street N. W., Washington, D.C. CHAS. STOTT & CO., Agents. decided.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The firm of Mandley & Obold is this day DISSOLVED by mutual consent. The business will be hereafter conducted at the old shop, south of Pa. evenue, on 18th st., (Chapin's old shop,) by JOHN E. MANDLEY, who assumes all outstanding debts.

JOHN E. MANDLEY, WILLIAM OBOLD.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18th, 1871. Thankful to the public for past favore, I take this method of returning thanks for patronage received, and recommend J. E. HANDLEY to my patrons as an upright and honest business man, dec20-R.\* WILLIAM OBOLD.

VISIT THE "ONE IDEA" CLEAN SWEEP

At Oak Hall, 5257th street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wines, Liquors, &c., for the Holidays. Wines, Liquors, &c., for the Holidays.

More than one hundred of our citizens feel themselves under personal obligation to C. GAUTIER, No. 1217 and 1219 Pennsylvania avenue, for being able, through the virtues of his celebrated Bitters, to participate in the festivities incident to the Holiday Season. Although Mr. C. takes much pride in thus being a public benefactor, he does not allow the other duties of his business to escape his observation. Already his store groans with the immense stock of Liquors and Cordials imperted for the Holiday trade, and which have been selected with care for the wants of his patrons. Those in want of Whiskies, Brandies, Wines and Liquors, should favor him with a call, and be assured that what they buy in his line will be not only pure but unadulterated.

The Cause and Cure of Consumption

The primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion to the solids of the body. Persons with digestion to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and rouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleaned. The Cause and Cure of Consumption

by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purification, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expectoration, when once it ripens. It is Nature to expel all the diseased matter, in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption in order to set up a conductable and a conductable.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs,—a cavity or abscess there,—the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things,—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be

It is important that while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cold and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine

and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold, while using my Medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured; and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, instead

So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strengously caution disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot, with safety to the patient, ba exposed to the biting blasts of Winter or the chilling winds of Spring or Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is

without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the Medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the first of October I expect to take possession of my new building, at the northeast corner of Sixth and Arch streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my Remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

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